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Poems

by

Enrica.

1. Poetry, American

NB1
Thomas

THE

MOTHER'S DREAM

AND

Other Poems.

BY

ENRICA, pseud. of
Mary Grafton Thomas

PHILADELPHIA:
J. B. LIPPINCOTT & CO.
1860.

THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY

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Introduction.

ANOTHER name is to be added to the list of those who, blooming in beauty like early spring flowers, have, like the flowers of spring, early passed away, leaving a sweet perfume which will ever linger round their memory in the hearts of friends. To gather and to perpetuate this fragrance, and at the same time to scatter it more widely, is the object of the unpretending volume now introduced to the public.

The writer of the fugitive pieces here collected, MARY GRAFTON THOMAS, died at Philadelphia, April 3, 1860. She wasted away with a lingering disease, Consumption; but her pen, which had been employed upon more elaborate work than the contents of this volume, was not laid aside until within a few hours of the time when she exchanged the lyre for the harp of the heavenly land.

BIEB 19 FEB '36

Many of the pieces which make up this collection have already appeared in different periodicals to which she was a

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POEMS.

The Mother's Dream.

Upon her couch a beauteous babe lay sleeping,
So calm and peaceful in its loveliness,
It seemed an angel bright its watch was keeping,
In heavenly whispers soothing her to rest!
A golden ringlet on the fair cheek laying
Had gently nestled 'mid the roses there,
While from the half-closed lids a soft light straying
Told of the gem within that casket rare!
Well might the mother gaze with thrilling pleasure
Upon this gem entrusted to her care;
Well might she guard it as a holy treasure
Enshrined within that infant form so fair!
Around the dimpled mouth a smile was playing,
Although a tear still lingered on the cheek,
A tiny dew-drop from those blue orbs straying,
Telling of griefs the infant could not speak.

Gently and tenderly on the mother's ear
Strains of sweet melody stole, soft and clear;
On her startled vision burst a dazzling ray,
As, turning, she beheld, where the sleeper lay,

Two shining spirits, clothed in spotless white,
Watching so tenderly that little form of light;
Silently they stood there, bending o'er the child,
The one with radiant eyes, that saddened as she smiled,
Gazed on the tiny tear that lay so softly there,
And then those lips were gently moved, as if in earnest prayer.
A garland of unfading flowers inwreathed her placid brow,
Across whose ashy whiteness a light stole softly now,
As suddenly a master-hand had seized its trembling lyre,
Again to light its smothered chords with sparks of genius' fire!

"A gift I bring thee, beauteous one,
To twine around thy brow,
To kindle there the burning light
That sleeps beneath it now!
To cause those mild blue eyes to flash
With true celestial fire,—
To raise those low, soft, tender notes
To strains yet higher, higher!
Thy prisoned soul shall ne'er again,
In struggles to be free,
Flutter against its earthly bars,
And wail so mournfully;
But with one bright, one gladsome song,
Shall bound into the light,
And then, e'en to thy native sky,
Shall speed thy onward flight!

This gift I may not leave thee now,
Not till thy feet have pressed
The turf on yonder mountain brow,
Thy final earthly rest.
I'll cheer and strengthen with its light
What may be dark to thee;
These glittering treasures resting there
Thy beacon-light shall be;—
And then upon thy radiant brow
This laurel wreath I'll lay,
A glorious boon, a recompense
For toils upon the way!
This harp, by thy own fingers swept,
Shall breathe a startling strain,
Ne'er lingering, save to bid thee strike
With angel touch again!"

She ceased, and softly died away that note of thrilling power,
While to the infant's pallid brow the smile returned no more,
Until upon her little cheek a tender hand was laid,
And then a soft smile rested where the tiny tear had strayed.
So gentle was the strain she sung, so soft its murmur fell,
It seemed a heavenly Peri's note, the echoing her "Farewell;"
And yet the little sleeper heard, for light stole softly now,
From out those half-closed orbs, upon the smiling brow.

"Sleep, lovely babe, unconscious one!
Nor let these visions come
To cloud thy brow with shadows dark,
To mar thy earthly home!
Sleep on—the gift I bring to thee,
Thine own 'tis even now,
I see it in the sparkling smiles
That flit across thy brow.
Thy mother's loving voice hath soothed
Thy childish fears to rest,
Thou knewest naught of care or grief,
When pillowed on her breast!
And even when thy infant grief
Spoke in the glittering tear,
'Twas wiped away so tenderly,
And with it all thy fear!
Sleep on—upon thy infant brow
This coronet I'll place,
This wreath that Love herself hath twined—
Her finger thou may'st trace.
No thorns are hidden 'neath the flowers
That blossom daily here;
Another hand shall pluck them off,
Whenever they appear!
Thy head shall rest confidingly
Upon a loving arm;
When dangers come, another's strength
Shall shield thee from all harm.
A tender voice shall ever breathe
Sweet music in thine ear,

That, 'neath its own soft, loving strain,
All grief shall disappear.
Sleep on! the laurel wreath of fame
Would pierce thy aching brow;
Sorrows would rise so thick and dark—
Thou can'st not see them now;
Thy bleeding feet would trembling tread
The toilsome, dreary height,
And none might cheer thy saddened heart,
Nor aid thee in the strife.
Her harp would seem to thy worn soul
Without one cheering lay,
And when upon its trembling strings
Her master-hand would stray,
The sound would fall upon thy ear
Like muffled dull refrains,—
A mortal spirit's vain attempt
To sweep immortal strains!"

She ceased, and laid her offering of flowers so sweet and fair
Beside the wreath that Fame had twined,—that coronet so rare;
Her harp, attuned anew, was placed so near the infant's grasp,
The little dimpled fingers raised, in one unconscious clasp,
Had seized the gift with childlike glee, and swept its tender strings, [wildly flings.
While o'er her brow Love's magic wreath the mother

Nil Desperandum.

"NIL DESPERANDUM!" The darkest cloud
May have a silver lining,
And round the deadliest plant that grows
Some blossoms may be twining;
The day that dawns mid shadows dark
May still be bright at even;
And e'en should life a desert seem,
There cometh peace in Heaven!

"Nil Desperandum!" The saddest night
Must ere long have an ending,
And o'er its gloomy pall we see
The morn's bright rays descending.
What tho' the sacred links of love
Must here on earth be riven—
"Nil Desperandum!"—in endless strength
They shall be joined in Heaven!

JUNE 3, 1857.

Beauty's no Armor for the Heart.

A FAIR-HAIRED girl, with light guitar,
Sang of Love's conquests by the hour,
And yet, with laughing smile, declared
O'er her the boy-god had no power!
But soon e'en from her mild blue eye
I saw the tear-drop trembling start;
Her lute drop listless down,—she felt
"Beauty's no armor for the heart!"

And next a dark-haired maiden fair,
Whose soul from out her deep black eye
Now seemed to scorn Love's magic charms,
And now his witching power defy.
'Twas but a moment, ere o'er her
Cupid his mighty spell had wrought;
The drooping lid, half raised, declared
"Beauty's no armor for the heart!"

From flower to flower the boy-god sports,
And where the sweetest gems are found
He lingers longest—soon o'er them
The silken chains are firmly bound.

Then seek not to defy his power,
Or e'en repel his shafts by art;
With roguish smile, he ever cries,
"Beauty's no armor for the heart!"

JUNE 6, 1857.

Childhood.

I LOVE Spring's joyous season;
Its beauties half concealed,
Its op'ning buds and blossoms,
A pleasing fragrance yield!
They speak with gentle whisper
Of Summer's brighter days,
When their charms shall be unfolded
'Neath the sunbeam's loving rays.

And thus in Life's young morning,
What untold beauty lies,
Half hidden in its casket,
Beneath the laughing eyes!
Oh! gaze into their depths and see
A soul of tenderness,
Whose strings may wake sweet melody
And breathe of happiness.

Perchance a warrior's glory
E'en now its light doth lend,
And with the dreams of Childhood
A wreath of laurel blend!
The merry, bounding footstep,
And laugh of joyous glee,
Seem but the outburst of a soul
That struggleth to be free.

The brow where sunshine lingers,
And bright hopes shed their light,
May soon in gloom be shrouded
By Time's cold withering blight.
The voice, whose merry music
Thro' the wild forest rung,
May hush its joyous carols,
And leave its lays unsung.

Yes, I love the hours of Childhood,
When hopes were pure and bright,
When life seemed all so joyous,
I reveled in its light.
'Tis past—still memory loveth
To linger near its scenes,
Awaking, from her caverns deep,
Its happy, happy dreams!

JUNE 12, 1857.

Manhood.

Is it not sweet to linger,
'Mid Autumn's golden light,
As Summer's glorious beauties
Are fading from our sight;
When Nature's leafy treasures,
Arrayed in crimson hue,
Present a mellow glory
To our delighted view?

The toils of Summer o'er,
The reaper's work is done;
And merrily resoundeth
The shout of "Harvest Home!"
A softened beauty lingers
O'er meadow, hill, and dale,
While strains of gentle music
Are borne on every gale!

And thus in Manhood's season,
The lights and shades of life
Blend, as the hues of Autumn,
To soothe its angry strife.

The joyous hours of Childhood
  Are numbered with the dead:
Youth's hopes so fondly cherished
  Have all forever fled.

Forever fled? Oh no!
  In ripened beauty now
Their chastened influence stealeth
  The cares from Manhood's brow;
E'en as the sun just setting
  A radiant light reveals,
So o'er his weary spirit
  A gentle calmness steals.

Youth's buoyant hopes are joyous,
  And Childhood's sunny dreams;
But dearer in their fading light
  Are Autumn's golden scenes!
'Tis here we love to linger,
  'Tis here we would find rest,
Till, wafted gently homeward,
  We dwell among the blest.

JUNE 15, 1857.

Autumn.

With gentle, noiseless footstep stealeth in
Sweet Autumn, golden season of the year.
Her robe of crimson hue she careless flings
O'er Nature's leafy treasures. What a flood
Of dazzling glory bursts upon our sight!
It almost seems as if some straggling ray
Had 'scaped from heaven's own portal, to illume
Our fallen earth and softly whisper "Peace"
To every troubled heart. List to her voice!
For soon, too soon, her finger lightly laid
On bud and flower, their breath will waste away,
And, severed from the parent stem, they fade
And die. The songsters soon will wing their flight
To some more genial clime—"Passing away"
The burden of their song; "Passing away"
The echo stealing back o'er hill and dale,—
"Passing away."
What tender memories
Cluster around these hallowed Autumn hours!
We love to linger near their fading light
And taste again of joys now passed away.
The forms of dear departed ones are near;
We feel their influence stealing o'er our hearts,
Touching each hidden chord with magic power,
Like some familiar strain of melody,

Waking to life sweet mem'ries of the Past.
The Future too, with all its hopes, seems clothed
In radiant beauty. Not a cloud now casts
Its gloomy shadows o'er, to blight our joys,
For all is sunshine here. What tho' the breeze,
That sighs a requiem for the dying year,
Is fraught with sadness, still we love its strain.
One joyous note yet lingers in its wail—
The falling leaf and fading flower, tho' emblems
Of decay, still breathe of hope.
The Winter o'er,
Spring's joyous call once more shall rouse them from
Their sleep of death. The tiny violet
Shall wake to life beneath her magic touch,
And, clothed anew in robe of living green,
Nature's sweet minstrelsy with gladsome voice
Shall swell the anthem to her Maker's praise.

October 23, 1857.

The Music of the Winds.

There is music—*gentle* music—
In the balmy air of Spring,
As it flitteth by with gladness,
With fragrance on its wing!
Its strains of gentle melody
Fall softly on our ear,

Wafted from heaven's own far-off clime,
  Soothing to rest each fear!

There is music—*pensive* music—
  In the Summer's lightsome breeze;
Now sporting 'mong the flow'rets,
  Now whispering in the trees!
Its strains seem tender chords of love,
  Struck by a master-hand,
Whose echo lightly stealeth back
  From some far distant land!

There is music—*mournful* music—
  In the Autumn's dying wail,
As tenderly its notes are borne
  On every passing gale!
Touching the heart's deep hidden chords
  With strangely magic power,
Waking to life sweet memories
  Of joys that come no more!

There is music—*fearful* music—
  In the stern Winter's blast;
Its cords resound exultingly
  In triumph o'er the Past!
But list and hear *one* gentle note
  Struck by a Father's hand,
Lingering to breathe of life and rest
  In heaven's bright, better land.

There is music—*thrilling* music—
In the dim twilight's strain;
Voices of loved ones—hushed in death—
Seem waked to life again!
They sing to us of brighter climes,
Of glorious homes above,
Where sorrow's hand no discord flings
O'er ceaseless strains of love.

There is music—*sacred* music—
In the winds' farewell sigh;
When, "weary with the march of life,"
We lay us down to die!
The pearly gates seem opened wide,
We catch the seraph's strain,—
Oh! who among the loved ones here,
Would call us back again!

NOVEMBER 12, 1857.

To A. E. N.

My heart is strangely sad to-night:
Where'er I turn, whate'er I see
Recalls some reminiscence bright,
Some happy hour I've spent with thee.

Oh could I only breathe to thee
The thoughts which haunt me night and day,
Perchance 'twould wake some sympathy
To cheer me on my onward way.

Remembrance of the happy hour
When first we met in youth's glad morn
Comes o'er my soul with magic power—
I cannot bid it hence begone.

I listened then with strange delight,
As thy first flattering tale of love
Painted to me, in visions bright,
The future, with no cloud above.

I loved thee then, but not as now;
That girlish dream of love is o'er.
Thou wilt not seek to bind my vow
With hopes that can return no more.

But is it strange that at this hour—
This calm and holy hour of eve—
Fond memory should recall with power
The hour that we first learned to love?

And now I seek to find in thee
A friend in hour of sorrow's sway,
Some cheering words of sympathy
To render light the darksome way.

And yet another boon I crave:
At even, on thy bended knee,
When thou for those thou lov'st dost pray,
Oh then, my *friend*, then think of me

AUGUST 15, 1855.

On a Withered Rose-bud.

WHY do I love this little flower,
And treasure it with care?
Why is it dearer to my heart
Than others far more fair?

It speaks of joys long since gone by,
Of brightest hopes now dead;
They lingered but for one short hour,
And then—forever fled.

This withered leaf alone is left
To tell me of that hour,
When every hope was fair and bright
E'en as that little flower.

It faded ere my heart could learn
How earthly treasures fly;

Could rest its brightest hopes above
On joys that never die.

And from its withered, faded form,
A gentle lesson came—
Earth's fairest hopes will, like this flower,
Leave but their empty name.

OCTOBER 3, 1855.

Think of Me.

Lines on a "Withered Heart's-ease," the gift of a friend, with the motto, "THINK OF ME."

THINK of thee? yes, while life shall last!
The many happy hours we've passed
Can ne'er forgotten be!
Whene'er I gaze upon this flower,
The relic of a happier hour,
Oh! then I'll think of thee.

Think of the happy bridal morn
We met, in Life's young op'ning dawn,
When not a trace of care
Could come to steal our smiles away,
Or shadows cast o'er this bright day,
When everything seemed fair.

I'll think of thee in twilight hour,
When memory loves to linger o'er
The scenes of early youth,
When hopes were bright, and joys were pure,
And all our path seemed scattered o'er
With flowers of love and truth.

When, 'neath the power of sorrow's sway,
I tread my lone and weary way,
Perchance a thought of thee
Will come, with soothing power to cheer,
To render light my pathway here,
And bid all shadows flee.

And when the hour of death draws nigh,
As friends so dear in days gone by,
To memory's eye appear;
As thy familiar form I see,
I'll breathe one earnest prayer for thee,
That I may meet thee there.

May meet thee in that better land,
Where, led by God's own loving hand,
In pastures green and fair,
No thought of death, or change may come,
But in that bright and blessed home
We'll rest forever more.

JUNE 28, 1856.

Shall We be Forgotten?

When the last "farewell" is spoken,
And our spirits sink to rest;
When all earthly ties are broken,
And our home is with the blest—
Shall no thought of the departed
Linger with the loved ones here,
Bringing back, with sweet remembrance,
Joyous scenes to all *now* dear?

When the grass is green above us,
Will no tear of love be shed?
Nor a passing sigh be given
To the memory of the dead?
Those familiar forms and faces,
Loved so well in days of yore,
Can it be that memory traces
E'en a thought of them no more?

No! Lethe's dark rolling river
Flows not thro' this world of ours,
Casting shadows o'er our pathway,
Blighting memory's fairest flowers.

Those we loved and fondly cherished,
Friends of days long since gone by,
Hover still, as angels near us,
Winning us to joys on high.

MARCH 30, 1857.

The Shadows of Life.

AMID earth's fairest, brightest scenes,
The thought will steal with saddening power,
Whate'er is dearest to our hearts
May fade and perish in an hour.
While hope would speak of joys to come,
And deck with flowers our pathway here,
The flowers are withering in their bloom—
Our hopes are shrouded in despair.

We gaze upon a blooming rose,
Whose op'ning leaves new charms display;
E'en while its perfume we inhale,
The worm has seized it for its prey.
We pluck it from the parent stem,
To gladden and delight our eyes;
But ere its beauties are unvailed,
It withers in our hand—and dies.

Love's Young Dream.

THERE'S a magic in "Love,"
That speaks to the heart,
Dispelling each cloud,
Bidding sorrow depart;
Shedding a halo of light o'er earth's darkest hours,
Unconsciously changing its thorns into flowers.

Its fragrance steals o'er us
In maiden's fair bloom,
As a heavenly blossom
In the midst of life's gloom;
We see not the weeds that lie scattered around,
While tasting the sweets in this floweret found.

While memory would linger
O'er scenes that are past,
And trace out the sorrows
In life's dreary waste,
One moment of joy sheds a life-giving power,
And tinges *all* scenes with the *peace* of *that* hour.

'Twas an evening in June,
When Nature had spread
Her mantle of glory
O'er earth's mossy bed,

Her rich blossoms scattering o'er meadow and dale,
Crowning the hill-top with beauty, enriching the vale.

The sun was just sinking
In beauty to rest,
While courting his new love,
The now blushing West;
A radiance revealing, like some struggling ray
From the bright realm of glory, changing darkness to day.

A sadness stole o'er me;
For e'en this fair scene
Seemed barren and joyless,
When not shared with him
To whom, in the freshness of love's early bloom,
My spirit had fled—like a wanderer home.

A shadow had fallen
O'er youth's sunny dream,
From early hopes stealing
Their life-giving beam;
Enough 'twas to feel, that hearts blended in one,
When torn from each other, seemed weary and lone.

I threw myself down
'Neath a wide-spreading tree,
Where Nature's sweet music
Was all lost to me;
For the loved one was missing, who gave to life's scenes
A charm far exceeding all fancy's fair dreams.

A soft whisper aroused me;
A voice in my ear
Woke each quivering heart-string
With half-trembling fear;
My hand pressed in his—while breathings of love
Chased each sorrow away, like light from above.

Together our spirits,
In sympathy one,
Drank anew of life's pleasures,—
All darkness had flown;
And the flood-tide of light, that succeeded the gloom,
Clothed our hopes in the beauty of youth's early bloom.

Thus together we wander
Thro' life's vale of tears,
Love's youthful hopes rip'ning
And strength'ning by years.
And we *know*, when these earthly ties shall be riven,
In *strength* they will be united in Heaven.

APRIL 10, 1857.

The Past.

'Tis twilight—calm and holy hour,
And memories of the past
Come gently stealing o'er my soul,
Too beautiful to last.

The scenes of days long since gone by,
Tinged with a golden hue,
Like present hopes and joys appear
To my enchanted view.

I pluck again the flow'rets gay
That in my pathway grew
In childhood's bright and sunny day,
When every hope was new;

When loved ones gathered round the hearth—
No form was missing there;
Their presence made my little home
A heaven on earth appear.

A father's manly voice had power
To soothe my childish fears;
A mother's tender, loving hand
Could wipe away my tears.

If sorrow e'er her mantle cast
Upon my happy home,
I felt it could not linger long—
A brighter day would come.

Thus, 'neath the loving smiles of home,
My childhood flitted by,
While youth's bright visions were unvailed
To my delighted eye.

I reveled in its dazzling scenes,
Without a thought of care;
I drank with rapture of its joys—
No shadow lingered there.

Hope's rosy finger decked my path
With flowers of fairest hue,
While Love's soft whispers gave to life
A charm forever new.

But soon a blighting darkness cast
Its shadow o'er my brow;
Love's flow'ret, withered, broken lay,
I asked *not*—cared *not*—how.

I only knew, when morn had risen,
Hope's star burned clear and bright;
But, ere the evening sun was set,
'Twas quenched in endless night.

'Twas long before my wayward heart
Could bend beneath the power
That gently shed a heavenly peace
O'er *this*, life's darkest hour.

I lingered still amid life's scenes;
I joined the thoughtless throng;
But earthly joys seemed like a dream,
The echo of a song.

Thus changing years have winged their flight,
And age comes stealing on,
Bringing a holy, calm delight,
A peace before unknown.

The friends whose loved and cherished forms
Shed radiance round my hearth
Are laid to rest—their trials o'er,
They sleep the sleep of death.

Yet still I love to linger o'er
These visions of the past,
While Faith would trace a Father's hand
O'er all life's dreary waste.

Its lights and shadows sweetly blend,
A peaceful calm to shed
O'er earth-born passions' early grave,
O'er joys forever fled.

They tell me of a rest above,
Where change shall never come;
They whisper of a "God of Love,"
Who soon shall call me home.

APRIL 15, 1857.

The Present.

THE bright and joyous present,
We would forever sing;
It flitteth by with gladness,
With music on its wing;
We pluck its many blossoms
To weave a garland fair
Of roses rich and varied—
No thorns lie hidden there.

The gay and smiling present,
We hail it with delight;
We welcome in its sunshine
That bursts upon our sight.
No trace of former sorrow
Shall come to mar our joy,
No thought of the to-morrow
Our present peace destroy.

The present, with its pleasures,
  Its gay and mirthful scenes,
Seems to our heart an Eden
  Of fancy's fairest dreams,
Where Nature, with its beauties,
  Its forests, hills, and dales,
Its peaceful flowing rivers,
  And gently whispering gales,

Forever spreads before us
  A vision new and strange,
As thro' its grassy meadows
  And o'er its hills we range.
The present, with its sacred ties
  And social joys so dear;
What can we know of sorrow,
  With loving hearts so near?

Then let the mournful dreamer
  Dwell on the days of yore,
Their fleeting hopes and shadows,
  That can return no more.
We love the sunny present,
  Its charms we ever sing;
It flitteth by with gladness,
  With music on its wing.

APRIL 18, 1857.

I'm Weary.

FATHER! I'm weary of this world;
Oh take me home to thee!
My spirit longeth for thy love—
When wilt thou set me free?

I'm weary of the sin and strife
Around my pathway here;
This transitory earthly life
To me seems sad and drear.

Temptations sore around me lie
And tempt my soul away
From heavenly wisdom's narrow path,
The road to endless day.

I'm weary seeking happiness
And joys that will not come;
I'm weary seeing cherished hopes
Lie withering in their bloom.

I'm weary hoping to find rest
From anxious doubts and fears:
Is all the world a dreary waste,
A wilderness of tears?

Oh let me rest alone in thee—
In life's tempestuous night,
Bid thou the storms and shadows flee,
And bless me with thy light.

Let heavenly peace its influence shed
To calm my troubled fears,
Or take me to thy home on high
And wipe away my tears.

By the still waters of thy love,
Oh may my soul find rest,
And in those mansions bright above,
For evermore be blest.

APRIL 21, 1857.

Coquetry.

You bid me write on "Coquetry:"
'Tis very hard to do—
To one as simple as myself
The subject's rather new;
And if I fail, you'll then assert,
"She knows but little of 'A Flirt.'"

I wonder you did not request
"The coquette in disguise"
To write an Essay, teaching how
She conquers with her eyes.
But since you've set the task for me,
I'll do my best at "coquetry."

When a daughter looks her prettiest,
And tries her best to please,
And with her saucy looks attempts
The gentlemen to tease—
Mamma looks troubled, while she cries,
"My dear, don't flirt so with your eyes!"

Again, we see a bright-eyed girl,
The centre of the throng,
Her artless ways and winning smiles
The theme of every tongue—
Now here, now there, with charming word
She captivates both young and old;

While in a corner near, there sits,
Unnoticed and alone,
A maiden of uncertain years,
Whose early hopes have flown,
Who seeks attention to divert,
By muttering, with contempt, "A Flirt."

It may be that some luckless swain
Has parted with his heart, (?)

And wonders, when he tells his tale,
The fair one says "depart!"
His pride aroused, his self-love hurt,
Indignant, he exclaims, "A Flirt."

A Flirt forsooth! because her love
Was not so easy won—
'Twere better far to try again,
Than act the fool, and run.
It seems to do him little hurt
To hear his loved one (?) called "A Flirt."

Poor human nature! thus it is
The stronger (?) sex essay
To blame in others what, in truth,
They practice every day.
A word with them before I close—
How much they need it no one knows.

A lady might exert her strength
To try and flirt with you;
She might exhaust her numerous charms,
And still it would not do.
You pop the question—she'll refuse;
You're sorry for the "time" you lose,

But straightway seek another love
And try her heart to win,
While she, unconscious of your aim,
Completely takes you in.

You lose her too, but frankly own
You'll find *another* very soon.

The word of counsel I would give
For you to act upon,
Is not to think a woman's heart
Elastic as your own.
When once to you her heart is given,
The ties of love can ne'er be riven.

Don't speak to her in tender tones,
And words of sympathy,
As if your soul were bound in hers
And ne'er could parted be.
She'll learn *too* late, much to her hurt,
That you are *nothing* but "A Flirt."

APRIL 23, 1857.

Mid-day Musings.

OH, what a wretched world is this,
Where, every other day,
Some disappointment comes to steal
Our last faint hope away!

The summer breeze steals gently in,
  Released from winter's fetter—
Oh why has it no charms for me?
  Because I have no letter!

The chairman of our Circle says,
  "You must an essay write:"
I've tried in vain, and racked my brain,
  But thoughts seem vanished quite.
So if the worthy members stare
  To find this is no better,
Why let them know—in confidence,—
  That I have had no letter.

The little birds so sweetly sing
  Their murmuring melody—
Hark! is not that the postman's ring?
  Of course, there's one for me!
Oh no! 'tis but a few bank notes
  From some delinquent-debtor.
My thoughts are flown—I *cannot* write
  Until I have a letter.

MAY 25, 1857.

A Country Home.

A COUNTRY HOME for me!
Afar off from the stir of city life,
Where, mind and fancy free,
I might perchance forget its ceaseless strife.

A Country Home for me!
When Nature's charms around my path are spread,
Where every flower and tree
O'er all the earth their richest fragrance shed.

A Country Home for me!
When Joy her mantle o'er my spirit flings;
Oh, there I wish to be,
Where every cherished spot new pleasure brings.

A Country Home for me!
In hour when Sorrow holds her mournful sway,
In each fair scene I see
A Father's love, that lights my dreary way.

A Country Home for me!
Where friendship's garb, tho' plainer to my view,
From art's adorning free,
I feel, I know, it cannot but be true.

A Country Home for me!
Where Sabbath bells chime sweetly on the ear;
Their music seems to me
To breathe of rest, that calms my every fear.

A Country Home for me!
A little cottage home, where roses twine,
Whose dearest wealth shall be
The links of love, encircling me and mine.

A Country Home for me!
I care not for the city's heartless scenes;
A sweeter melody
Steals o'er my spirit there, like Fancy's dreams.

MAY 14, 1857.

The Spirit Land.

WHILE wearily treading Life's dark thorny way,
Where the waves of deep sorrow over us roll,
What magical power sheds a bright cheering ray,
And whispers of hope to the sin-stricken soul!
A voice from the Spirit Land.

As its strains of sweet melody burst on our ear,
Like whispers of angels, wafted from far,
We listen, enchanted, the music to hear,
And long for a glimpse of that bright-beaming star
That lights to the Spirit Land.

The spirits of loved ones oft linger around;
On heavenly missions they come to us here
To tell us of those lasting joys they have found
Where Mercy's bright smile drives away every fear,
In that far-off Spirit Land.

They tell us of flowers whose bloom never fades,
Of crystal streams flowing thro' sweet-scented groves,
Of songsters' sweet carols, whose music pervades
The soul of the glorious being who roves
O'er his home in the Spirit Land.

As the loved mother sees her wandering boy
On the track of temptation, by earth's snares beguiled,
Oh gladly she turns from her blessed employ
To linger around and beckon her child
To a rest in the Spirit Land.

As the maiden would linger in twilight's calm hour
O'er the scenes of her youth, one form meets her gaze;
A voice thrills her soul with strangely loved power—
She lists to the gentle whisper it bears,
"Oh come to the Spirit Land!"

Then say not the loved ones ne'er visit us here,
Nor hover around with breathings of love;
In life's darkest hour their presence can cheer,
As gently they woo our spirits above
To dwell in the Spirit Land.

MAY 9, 1857.

We would see Jesus.

OH yes! we would see Jesus
In every scene of life;
His voice alone can cheer us,
Can soothe its angry strife.

In days of light and gladness
His love new joy can bring;
He comes in hours of sadness,
With healing on his wing.

When Nature spreads her treasures
Before our wondering eye,
How brighter far her pleasures,
To feel that *He* is nigh!

To know each fragrant flower
Proclaims its Maker's praise,

Each murmuring breeze and zephyr
In sweeter, gentler lays,

But whisper of His presence,
And bid our hearts rejoice,
That, 'mid earth's changing seasons,
We still may hear his voice.

In hours of sore temptation,
When all is dark and drear,
If Jesus brings salvation,
What have we then to fear?

And when our loved ones leave us
For mansions of the blest,
'Tis Jesus then who cheers us
And calms our fears to rest.

When clouds around us gather
And change our day to night,
The presence of our Saviour
Sheds then a radiant light.

As thro' the shrouded darkness
His sacred form we see,
And hear, in tones of mercy,
His whisper, "Come to me."

And would we not see Jesus
When life's last hour draws nigh?
When earthly friends must leave us,
Still may He linger by,

To bear our souls to Heaven,
That mansion of the blest,
Where, in His loving presence,
Forever we shall rest.

MAY 3, 1857.

I'm Growing Old.

I'M GROWING OLD! I'm growing old!
And yet 'tis strange I cannot feel,
As each successive year rolls on,
That Time's relentless fingers steal
The bloom from early hopes, whose light
In Childhood's bright and sunny day
Seemed tinged with Heaven's own golden hue,
And strewed with flowers my joyous way.

I'm growing old! I'm growing old!
And yet Hope's star has ne'er grown dim;
The Future still would woo me on,
Clad in the beauty of a dream.
Day-dreams, with witching charm, now lend
A soft enchantment to each hour;
I revel still in their pure light,
And cannot feel Time's blighting power.

I'm growing old! I'm growing old!
A score of years is almost fled,
Its hopes and fears, its lights and shades,
Are well-nigh numbered with the dead!
And yet as lovingly I turn
To watch them as they disappear,
Their memory sheds a chastened light,
And calms and soothes my every fear.

I'm growing old! I'm growing old!
And Time's cold finger may have traced
A shade of care across my brow,
And from my joyous spirit chased
The buoyancy of earlier dreams,
And yet a calmness lingers near
That whispers to my soul this truth,
That Time can work no ruin here!

JUNE 2, 1857.

Lines

Suggested by MISS LANDON'S "DO ANYTHING BUT LOVE."

"DO ANYTHING BUT LOVE!"
Ah, why this saddened strain?
Sweet warbler, let *one* joyous note
Wake from thy lute again!

One joyous note, whose thrilling power
May every heart-string move,
Whose echo, lingering near, may breathe,
"'Twere ever *sweet* to love!"

"Do anything but love!"
Ah, what this world of ours,
But weary, lone, and desolate,
E'en 'mid earth's fairest bowers,
Were not this heavenly blossom flung
From Paradise above,
To whisper to our fainting souls,
"'Twere ever *blest* to love!"

"Do anything but love!"
If even false the strain,
The lute scarce touched, before we learn,
'Twill never wake again;
That chord of tuneful melody
Our souls shall ever move.
Oh say not then, e'en midst its wail,
"'Twere better *not* to love!"

"Do anything but love!"
Should Death with cruel hand
Thine idol snatch from thy embrace,
Still, Memory's magic wand
Shall bring that loved one back to thee,
And gently from above
His voice shall whisper in thine ear,
"Oh *still* 'twere *sweet* to love!"

"Do anything but love!"
Sing not that strain again;
Our hearts would feel love's thrilling power
Were all that love in vain!
We would not that its song be hushed
E'en in that land above;
For there the holiest music breathes.
"In Heaven 'tis sweet to love!"

NOVEMBER 27, 1857.

The Voice of other Years.

THE voice of other years!
How sweetly steals its echo o'er my heart,
As buried hopes and fears
From Memory's cavern will unbidden start!

Hush! 'tis a holy strain;
The voice of prayer is wafted on my ear—
A guileless child again,
Its sacred influence calms my every fear.

The voice of other years!
A father's farewell blessing on his child,
A mother's parting tears—
I stand again where peacefully they died.

It is a solemn hour,
Whose hallowed scenes my soul shall ever move;
With strangely thrilling power
I hear again their tender words of love.

List! 'tis a pensive strain,
And love once more takes up the harp of Life;
Its strings are swept again,
And softened cadence steals o'er hours of strife.

Now 'tis a gentle tone,
And tender memories seem lingering near;
But now a feeble moan,
Whose echo sadly steals upon my ear!

Hark! 'tis a funeral knell;
Again we mourn the gentle one, and brave:
With Autumn's leaves they fell,
And now those leaves lie withering on their grava.

The flow'rets fade with them
Who in the morn of life laid down to die;
A solemn requiem
Is chanted in the Autumn's farewell sigh.

The voice of other years!
And softly now its murmur dies away;
But 'mid life's anxious fears
Its strain shall linger still where'er I stray!

And gently shall it come,
And sweetly whisper, 'mid earth's doubts and fears,
"Where'er you sadly roam,
Oh listen to the 'voice of other years!'"

DECEMBER 5, 1857.

New Year's Address.

[For the Presbyterian.]

ANOTHER year! and has it passed away,
With all its blended scenes of light and shade?
Lingered there not, 'mid its departing ray,
Some hallowed scenes whose mem'ries ne'er shall fade?
Can Time's cold finger from our hearts erase,
With one cold, chilling touch, its hopes and fears?
Or may we not, e'en 'mid their ruin, trace
Some beams of light, to guide in coming years?
Oh! 'mid the greetings of this joyous day,
List to the teaching of the year that's fled;
His knell has sounded,—as it dies away,
Retrace anew the teachings of the Dead!

Father! we thank thee, that thine arm of love
Hath led our footsteps as we journeyed on;
Thy power we felt, descending from above,
Our shield and buckler, thro' the year now gone.

What glorious blessings has thy mighty hand,
In rich luxuriance, scattered far and near!
With smiling Plenty clothed, our happy land
Lifts up its voice to praise thee, 'mid its cheer.
Amid the Spring, with vernal beauties crowned,
The Summer's richer drapery of bud and flower,
And Autumn's golden harvests, still resounds
One note, triumphant of thy mighty power!

Another chord falls softly on our ear,
And happy homes repeat the song of praise,
For War's shrill blast has ne'er with chilling fear
Its discord flung o'er their own joyous lays;
But gentle Peace has reigned—and, in her train,
Love, Hope, and Joy have shed their influence here.
And would not e'en their blended power be vain,
Did not in this a Father's love appear?
He lays on Pestilence his mighty hand,—
She falls beneath the heavy stroke and dies,
While from the myriad voices of our land
One grateful strain is wafted to the skies!

But see! A darkening cloud steals o'er the sky,
And in a moment more its shadow falls.
How sudden was the shock! One bitter cry—
One wail of sorrow, every heart appals.
The scene is changed. Where Joy her mantle flung
O'er every smiling home and happy heart,
Now from the rich and poor alike is wrung
The bitter tear, as worldly goods depart.

Was this a judgment from the Almighty, sent
  Amid the countless blessings he had given?
Did not man's blinding zeal for wealth attempt
  To place his gold before his God, his Heaven?

Hark! was not there the cry of human woe?
  How sadly on our ear its echo steals!
And where Old Ocean's thundering waters flow,
  The mighty vessel 'mid the tempest reels!
The Storm-king shouts exultingly, as now
  She sinks for aye into her watery grave,
While scattered fragments from the wreck below
  Are rudely borne on every passing wave.
The dying sigh of those so fondly loved,
  From whom a season we seem called to part,
Comes o'er the deep. Into thy hands, O God,
  We would commit these idols of our heart!

But now, amid these saddening scenes a wail
  Of deeper anguish sounds—than e'er before—
Of darker, deadlier grief; for who may tell
  The fearful cloud that hung o'er India's shore?
And when its shadow fell—how dark the night!
  No bright and cheering ray of hope was near,
No glimmering spark of heaven's own glorious light
  Its lustre shed amid the ruin there.
Father! we could not pierce the shadowy vail
  That hid the future from our mortal gaze,
Although e'en 'mid the martyr's dying wail
  His faltering tongue re-echoed still thy praise!

O Spirit of the living God, descend!
As showers of grace have blessed our own loved land,
Now, while our martyr's dying cries ascend,
O raise for India's shores another band,
Whose hearts, like theirs, illumined with thy light,
The tidings of a Saviour's love may spread,
And o'er the gloom of this, the darkest night,
Yet brighter rays of glory may be shed!
The Bible! Yes, the glorious word of God!
Of Scotia's martyr'd saints the beacon light,
The SAME OLD BIBLE that our father's loved—
Oh may its beams fall on their darkened sight!

And o'er our own beloved Zion—still
Has waved the banner of her Saviour's love;
And 'neath its folds may she in safety dwell
Until he calls her to his rest above!
Father! we thank thee for the year that's fled!
We bless thy name for all thy wond'rous grace!
For, 'mid the blended teachings of the dead,
In light and shadow, still thy hand we trace.
We hail the New Year as a gift from thee!
We welcome with delight its gladsome ray!
Thro' all its hours our Strength and Helper be,
And guide our souls "until the perfect day."

DECEMBER 16, 1857.

The Wounded Heart.

'Twas evening hour; the sun had sunk to rest
Calmly and gently as an infant dies,
And Luna's silvery beams their glory shed
O'er Summer's drapery of bud and flower;
The stars, those silent watchers, one by one
Lighted their tapers for their midnight task;
The murmuring zephyr breathed a lullaby,
A soft and soothing strain; while on its wings
Was wafted the sweet fragrance of the flowers.
It was an hour for holy, chastened thought,
For gentle memories and peaceful dreams;
So like to Heaven's own glorious light it seemed,
That Sorrow dare not cast its shadow near.
Alas! how many aching hearts in vain
Sought sympathy and peace in Nature's scenes!
The moon looked coldly down in mockery;
The very stars a brighter lustre shed;
And e'en the flowers, those messengers of hope,
Bore no sweet whisper to their weary souls,
Of God, their Father's love.
The Summer wind
Stole gently thro' the trees, and now its breath
Rustled the foliage in a casement near;
And still it lingered, as if loth to leave;
For calmly there a fair young maiden kneeled.

Her golden hair thrown careless back, revealed
A brow of dazzling whiteness;
Her eye upraised, as if in agony
She craved one sympathizing look, one breath
To still the throbbing of her aching heart.
Oh, what a look of anguish on that brow,
Where only peace and joy should find a home!
Her mild blue eye had darker grown, and now
Passion seemed struggling for the mastery.
'Twas but a moment. What sweet memory
Was wafted on the zephyr's gentle wing?
For now despair has fled, and in its stead
A chastened look of sadness stole, a calm
That shed a halo o'er her pallid brow;—
And from the long-sealed fountain of her heart
Gushed forth the tears of mingled pride and love.

Was this the joyous being whose young life
Seem tuned to Nature's gayest melody?
Whose gladsome step and laugh of merry glee
Dispelled the cloud from many a weary heart?
'Twas ever thus, until the tempter came—
Lightly he touched her heart's deep hidden chords;
Low was the note, so soft could scarce be heard,
But rising loud and louder in its strain,
Until her every thought and word seemed swayed
"By the unceasing music of her being."
A dark day came, and he who lightly played,
Until each string vibrated to his touch,
Struck once again,—but now, how fearfully!

The harp of thousand strings, rudely unstrung,
Shattered its chords of richest melody!
Who may attune it now?
The vine that clings
So trustingly to the majestic oak,
How filled with growing strength and loveliness!
But let the storm, with one rude chilling blast,
Sever its branches from its sheltering care—
Where now its life and beauty? Vainly strive
To bind its bleeding tendrils yet again;
All rudely broken by the crushing shock,
Drooping, they withering lie.
Ay, maiden, weep;
Those burning tears may soothe thy aching heart!
The world might scoff, but shed them freely now,
And when the morning dawns, go forth to smile
In Pleasure's throng, the gayest of the gay.
No mother's hand may cool thy fevered brow,
No words of sympathy have power to calm
Thy grief—'tis thine alone.
But hush! a chord
Of heavenly music steals upon the breeze;
Oh lend thy weary ear—list to its strain.
Gently the echo's wafted, "Come to Me."
The shattered harp again may wake a note
Of melody, soft, soothing, chastened now,
Not like to earthly love's soul-thrilling strain,
But holier, gentler far. The bruised vine
May clasp its bleeding tendrils round the Cross,
And lean for strength upon the Rock of Ages.

DECEMBER 28, 1857.

A Reply

TO "THE WOUNDED HEART."

THE little bird that flits from tree to tree,
Warbling its note of life and joyousness,
Unconscious of the danger near, may feel
The sportsman's arrow quivering near its heart.
Its tiny voice is hushed, and ere the sound
Of its last gladsome melody is borne
Upon the morning breeze, it falls and dies.
Its little life is ended, ceased the song
So gayly caroled forth.

But is it thus
With woman's heart? Is her frail being
Like the woodland songster's, to be pierced at will?
Hath she no strength, no power, to send the shaft
Quivering again e'en to the sportsman's side?
Or may she not at least resist its aim?
Ay! let the tempter come; perchance he may
Play lightly on her heart's deep hidden chords,
Until each note of melody vibrate
To his light touch alone—and woman yields
Her heart, her life, her being to his will.
And why? Because each note an echo found
Responsive to its richest melody,
And music, soft and soothing, floats upon
The current of her life.

But now he strikes!
Discord has flung its note upon the harp;
She lists, and lists again. Oh, can it be
That his is not the hand ever to wake
Sweet harmony? She turns once more to see
The idol she has made. Alas! the robe
Of glowing beauty she had wove for him—
Where is it now? She sees him as he is,
As, false to her, he lingers still to strike
Again, and leave her fond heart shattered.
But no, that heart has vanished from his touch,
And walls of adamant have not more power
To keep the tempter out, than wounded pride
For self, and *pity*—ay, *contempt*—for him!
A wounded heart!
See yonder jewel, sparkling to the eye,
And tempting all by its rich brilliancy;
But go a little nearer—look again—
Where is its beauty? a mere bauble now
Of shining glass and gilt; fling it away,
And wonder that you have been so deceived.

A wounded heart! I know not what it means.
O maiden, dry those tears; weep not for him:
He has not left the harp wholly unstrung.
Still may it wake a soft and tender note,
A note of earthly love's soul-thrilling power;
His touch was false, tho' to thy loving ear
It seemed a strain of heavenly melody;
That note of discord told it could not be.
Weep not for him! weep not for him!

JANUARY 7, 1858.

To E. B. P. K.

On receiving from him "THE EVERGREEN."

YOUR little undying memento
  Of magical blossoms and flowers,
So gracefully clustered together
  From Memory's mystical bowers,
A chaplet of flow'rets *immortal*,
  By Friendship's own fingers inwreathed,
In each tiny leaflet that binds it
  The name of the giver is breathed.

And still in life's desert shall linger
  One spot "ever green" in my heart;
The thought of this token so cherished,
  Will bid fond remembrances start!
And for *thee* may love's fairy finger
  A garland unfading intwine,
Immortal, *undying*, and *changeless*
  As this sweet memento of thine!

JANUARY 11, 1853.

The Paradise of Tears.

At twilight's hour of deep repose,
When gentle visions linger near,
Softly to breathe of by-gone hours,
And bid us shed for them a tear,—
Oh! tell me, hath it not the power
To calm and soothe our anxious fears,
And, as o'er memories loved we weep,
Is there no Paradise in Tears?

And bitter griefs there are in life
Which come with crushing, withering power;
And young hearts mourn o'er hopes destroyed,
And early joys that come no more.
But let them weep! those tears, perchance,
May calm the bitterness of years,
And still their wounded, broken hearts
May find a Paradise in Tears!

The loved one, watching anxiously
At midnight hour the couch of pain,
How eagerly she lists to hear
The voice of her beloved again!
And as upon his pallid brow
A ray of conscious life appears,
She bends to weep—her weary frame
Has found a Paradise in Tears!

Young mother, bending o'er the grave
Where sleeps your cherished infant boy,
Think not within his grassy bed
Is buried *all* your world of joy!
For every tear that here you shed,
A ray of heavenly light appears;
An angel voice its whisper breathes,
"Is there no Paradise in Tears?"

The hardened sinner bends to hear
The voice of Mercy from the skies,
And as its strain falls on his ear
His guilty soul within him dies.
But see! he weeps! and gently now
His Father's loving voice he hears.
Pardon and peace his Saviour brings,—
Was there no Paradise in Tears?

And thus, amid life's blended scenes,
Where shadows quickly follow light,
And daylight's joyous, gladsome rays,
Give place to gloomy, fearful night,
The pilgrim, weary, faint, may find,
E'en while amid earth's troubled fears,
Calm for his sorrows, sweet relief
Within the Paradise of Tears.

JANUARY 25, 1858.

To T.

THO' gracefully are clustered,
Within our little band,
Rich gems of worth and beauty,
As if with magic hand,
But one alone I gaze on,
But one has charms for me,
And sweet the gentle visions
That speak *alone* of *thee!*

Not for the sunny tresses
Which deck thy youthful brow,
Nor yet thine eye revealing
A wealth of love below;
Thy heart, whose merry music
Bursts forth with gladsome glee,
Rejoicing in life's sunshine,—
Oh that's the charm for me!

I love that guileless spirit;
Nature's own hand I trace;
Her seal on every feature,
The world may ne'er efface.
And yet I would the treasure
Might to my care be given,
That nō rude breath might ruffle
This flow'ret born of Heaven!

How tenderly I'd guard thee
From every thought of care;
No trace of earthly sorrow
Should fling its shadow near!
No note of chilling discord
Ruffle the melody
That lingers in thy silvery laugh
And tones of joyous glee!

And yet a holy feeling
Nestles within thy heart,—
Oh give me but the power
To bid its music start!
That lightly I might touch it,
And thy young spirit move,
Until each throbbing heart-string
Re-echoed to my love!

The boon I seek is precious;
Yet from my waiting heart
The fond hopes it has cherished
May never hence depart.
Oh! make of life's drear desert
A paradise for me,
Where every rustling leaflet
May softly breathe of *thee!*

JANUARY 29, 1858.

Dreams.

I DREAMED I was a guileless child,
With spirit light and free,
My home, where rugged mountains wild
Sheltered my infancy.
O'er their bleak sides with bounding step
I sported merrily;
Their heights my favorite resting-place,
The winds my lullaby.
My spirit almost seemed to catch
Each sunbeam's gladsome ray
That lingered near their rocky crags,
And fly with it away!

I dreamed again—a maiden now,
With heart untouched by care,
How peacefully the days sped on,
How beautiful and fair
Earth's pleasures seemed to the young heart,
Where sorrow ne'er had come,
Where hope had found a resting-place,
A bright and joyous home!
The voices of the loved were near,
And, 'neath their gentle sway,
No rude and chilling blast might come
To steal these joys away.

The skies of sunny Italy,
With their deep golden hue,
Her balmy air and fragrant flowers,
Now rose before my view.
And softly now a gentle strain
Was wafted on my ear,
So soothing was its melody,
My spirit bent to hear
Each low deep note that floated o'er,
Like waves upon the sea,—
Oh 'twas not strange its music seemed
So sweet, so dear to me!

The loved and cherished one was near,
To whom my heart was given;
Whose love could make earth's darkest spot
Appear to me a heaven.
Again I dreamed—dark shadows came
And stole my joys away;
The flowers lay withering at my touch,
My idol turned to clay!
The serpent's trail seemed over all
Its deadly power to spread,
And naught of life and naught of joy
A healing influence shed.

Once more I dreamed—and from its clay
My spirit seemed to rise,
Untrammeled by a thought of care,
To its own native skies!

The crystal gates were open flung,
And sweet the seraph's strain
That welcomed back, in notes of joy,
The child of earth again.
Here was her only resting-place,
Her only home was here,
And God the Father's loving hand
Had wiped away each tear.

FEBRUARY 8, 1858.

The Sacrifice of Abraham.

Written, after reading Headley's "SACRED MOUNTAINS," by request.

'TIS morning; brightly now o'er Judea's hills
The king of day his radiant glory sheds.
All Nature seems rejoicing in his beams,
And glad the matin song that swells on high
From her sweet minstrelsy—their song attuned,
In one accordant note of jubilee,
To their Creator's praise. The morning breeze,
So richly laden with the perfumed breath
Of Summer's bud and flower, steals gently by;
Now it seems lingering near the mountain-top,
And list! its song has changed, for mournfully

Its wail is borne upon our ear, as if
Yon fleecy cloud that on Moriah rests
Had softly whispered of the offering
That from its sacred summit should ascend,
And bid it sigh a requiem for the young
And trusting heart there to be sacrificed.

God's voice was heard—the aged patriarch stood;
And as the mandate falls upon his ear
Why does his strong frame quiver like the reed?
"Take now thy son, thine only son, he whom
Thou lovest, and offer him a sacrifice
Upon the mountain I shall tell thee of."
The bolt had fallen, yet the aged tree,
Tho' stricken, was not shattered by the stroke!
Isaac—*his only son*, the cherished flower
His God had given to blossom in his home,
To be the light of his declining years,
And shed its sweetest fragrance o'er his hearth!
Isaac—the single link in which alone
His dearest hope of earthly joy was bound!
Isaac—was he, the young and beautiful, to die?
And was his Father's hand to do the deed?
To pluck the flow'ret in its earliest bloom,
And see it fade beneath his own rude touch?
What wonder that so wearily he turned
His footsteps homeward,—that the silvery laugh
That greeted his return should blanch his brow
To ashy whiteness,—that the loving voice
That erst had made his bosom thrill with joy

Should send a pang of anguish to his heart!
But as the cloud grew darker and more dread,
He leaned for strength on an Almighty arm,
And strength was given!
Now the dark hour draws near,
And Isaac turns to bid a fond farewell
To her who bore him. In her loving grasp
She gently strives to bind him; one fond kiss
Imprinted on his cheek, and he is gone!
Ah, mother! did no angel voice draw near
To bid thee gaze yet longer on that form
Of noble beauty, lightly bounding now
With gladsome footstep near his Father's side?
Ah! who may tell the grief that yet shall wring
Thy heart, when he, the loved one, shall come back
Alone, to tell thee that thine idol's gone!
His bounding step no more to cheer thy heart,
His voice no longer soothe thy loneliness,
His head no more be pillowed on thy breast;
But on the bleak hill-side his ashes lie,
Strewn by his father's hand!
The first-born child!
What mother but must feel the burst of joy
That seems almost to thrill her very being
With its wealth, its untold wealth of love,
When first its music starts within her breast,
And wakens there its holiest, deepest strains
Of melody? The chord that then vibrates
May never more be hushed, e'en when the grave
Has closed upon the idol thus beloved.

Why bring to mind the three days' toilsome tread?
Isaac—on whose young spirit rested now
No thought of care or sorrow;-on whose heart
Young hopes, like morning dews their fragrance shed:
His father—almost sinking 'neath the weight
Of anguish that oppressed his burdened soul.
'Tis ended—and the mountain-top is gained.
"The fire, the wood, my father, they are here;
But where the lamb for this dread sacrifice?"
"Ah! wist thou not that God had chosen *thee*,
My son?" breaks from the aged patriarch's lips.
"Like the great antitype, who bore his cross
Up Calvary's rugged mountain, thou hast borne
The fire and wood for thy own sacrifice."

Oh! who may tell the pleading words that fall
From those young lips upon his father's heart!
As now he binds the lamb for sacrifice,
Perchance a tear still lingers on his cheek,
As thought of her he loved steals o'er his heart.
Perchance a prayer breaks from those ashy lips,
As fears all yield to this deep filial love—
A prayer—that God's own arm might shelter her—
His loving voice have power to cheer the heart
So desolate and lonely.
Now he bends
To the last fearful stroke—the knife is raised
And glitters now, how fearfully before him!
As Abraham's hand puts back those clustering curls
And gazes fondly on those upturned eyes,

Dies Nuptialis.

Oh! dost thou love him tenderly and truly
With whom this day thine earthly lot is cast?
Or, will the solemn vows be lightly spoken,
Perchance to seal some memory of the Past?
Is he the idol in whose very being
Centres thy every hope of earthly bliss?
The cherished *one*, whose love alone can bless thee,
Oh! tell me, is thy love for him like this?

Will every thrill of grief or joy that moves him,
An echo find within thy loving breast?
And wilt thou deem it of all joys the dearest,
To share his griefs, and soothe his fears to rest?
Canst thou for *him* resign all other blessings,
If *duty* calls thee to the sacrifice?
And live to bless him with thy loving presence,
When Death itself shall sever other ties?

And art thou loved by him whom thou hast chosen
To share thy life-long lot, in weal or woe?
Not for the charms to other eyes beholden,
But for the wealth of love within thy soul?
Those outward charms must ere long fade and wither,
E'en as the orange wreath that decks thy brow;
And when no traces of thy youth shall linger,
Oh! tell me, will he love thee *then* as now?

Know'st he thy woman's heart, whose sweetest music
Is waked to life beneath his loving smile?
And when perchance that heart is vailed in sadness,
Oh! hath he power that sadness to beguile?
Then will he touch each throbbing heart-string lightly,
Nor ever deem thy grief a trivial thing,
Nor scorn the feeling sad, nor deem it weakness,
Because perchance it seemeth light to him?

And know'st thou him to whom thy heart has yielded?
Oh! is he ever what he seems to be?
Perchance the wine-cup, with its sparkling nectar,
Might tell a tale of sinful revelry.
The lips which now breathe forth their accents tender,
Anon may startle with their impious strain;
The heart that seemeth to enshrine thy image—
The dark abode where deadliest vices reign!

But e'en should he, thy chosen one, be blameless,
And love thee with affection pure and true,
When trials come, with their dark, fearful shadows,
When earthly joys are fading from your view—
Can you *together* gaze with faith triumphant
Within the vail of your eternal home,
And *know* that there, beside its living waters,
In fadeless youth and beauty you shall roam?

Oh! hold not then this bridal day so lightly;
But, ere the blossoms wither on thy brow,
Seek for thy loved one and thyself a blessing,
That Life may ever be as bright as now!

That Time's cold breath may never hush the music
That thrills with untold joy thy loving heart,
But holy, gently, may its sweet strains linger,
Until Death's angel calls you here to part.

MARCH 20, 1858.

"The Master is come, and calleth for Thee."

YOUNG lambs to his fold the Saviour is calling—
Oh turn not away from his offers of grace,
But come in the brightness of Life's early morning,
And mingle your voices in hymning his praise.
A stranger on earth, he stooped to receive you—
"Oh suffer the children to come unto me;"
Can Childhood refuse *now* to list to the summons,
"The Master is come, and calleth for *thee*"?

Fair maiden and youth, in Life's morn rejoicing,
And spending, for naught, the strength of your days,
Ere folly and sin in their tight cords have bound you,
Oh fly to your Saviour's loving embrace!
Your friends and companions around you are raising
Their notes of rejoicing and glad jubilee;
They've seen the blest Saviour, and now bring the message,
"The Master is come, and calleth for *thee*!"

Ye aged, with footstep so feeble and trembling,
Ye pilgrims of life, drawing near to the grave,
Oh, how may ye enter its dark, gloomy portals,
With no hope in His love who is mighty to save?
Turn, turn to this Saviour, who waits to receive you,
E'en in the dark valley His form you may see,—
Oh, ere it has vanished, obey the blest summons,
"The Master is come, and calleth for *thee!*"

Ye men of the world, its self-deceived votaries,
You mourned for the loss of the idol you made;
Your God, who in mercy this trial inflicted,
Now offers you treasures that never can fade;
E'en now in your ear the glad tidings are ringing,
The tidings of mercy, so rich and so free,
Delay not to accept these blessings from Heaven,—
"The Master is come, and calleth for *thee!*"

The mourner, the sinful, the sick, and the sorrowing,
How tender and loving his accents to you!
A rest for the weary, a home for the wand'rer,
Sweet pardon and peace for the penitent too!
Oh, come with the throngs that this moment are raising
Their myriad voices in glad jubilee,
Come, join the glad hosts of your glorious Redeemer,—
"The Master is come, and calleth for *thee!*"

MARCH 24, 1858.

Impromptu Lines.

After a conversation on "LOVE OR PRINCIPLE." Respectfully dedicated to my opponent.

Not love the less? Ah, little knowest thou
A woman's heart, if *such* it seem to thee!
Not love the less? when on her loving ear
First falls the fearful lesson of deceit!
Of vile hypocrisy and direful guilt!
Where is the idol, on whose manly brow
Seemed stamped, in living characters of light,
Honor and Truth?—the hand that fondly pressed
Her own, while words of soft endearment fell
From lips that seemed too truthful to deceive?
Ay! where is now the glowing intellect—
Ay! where the thoughts that feebly shadowed forth
The untold wealth of mind and soul within?
"Let echo answer—Where?" Gone, as the cloud
That rested lightly on the mountain brow!
Gone, as the morning dew! And still she love—
Still cling with feeble woman's loving trust
To the poor wreck that stands before her now?
Impossible!!! Her eyes have seen unvailed
The being *once* so cherished and beloved!
Falsehood is graven now indelibly

Upon that brow—how dark, ay, black it seems!
That hand has seized the burning midnight bowl,
Those lips have quaffed the poison. Hark! what words
So startling, ay, so impious in their strain,
Blending with fearful oaths her own loved name!
And still she love? still will she lay her heart,
A willing offering, at this worthy (?) shrine,
And gladly yield her all of earthly hopes
For him to mould and guide them at his will?

But stay—perchance not dire and dark like this
May seem the mantle that enwraps him now!
And yet he has deceived her! Burning thoughts
That seemed created for her ear alone,
Ay! thoughts that seemed of his own life a part,
She finds them not his own! others have lent
Their brilliant feathers to adorn this bird,
Till, like his brother in the fabled tale,
He struts about and thinks them all his own!
And yet she love him still?
Seest thou that tree,
Its graceful, nodding foliage, blossoms sweet,
And fruit so tempting to the traveler?
But strip it of its foliage, scatter far
The fragrant blossom and the cooling fruit!
AY! WHO WOULD COME TO REST BENEATH IT NOW?
God *never* meant
The graceful, drooping vine, to clasp itself
Around the bare, the lifeless, shriveled trunk!
Ah! thinkest thou her leaves luxuriant

Could flourish there, or would she vainly strive
To hide its blackness with her clustering charms?
I tell thee nay! Nor THUS *could woman do!!!*

APRIL 13, 1858.

Longings.

AGAIN you bid my feeble hand
Awake the trembling lyre,
Sweep o'er its strings with magic wand,
And strike its low notes higher!
Oh, would the glorious gift were mine
To wake sweet melody!
But when I touch, and list to hear,
The echo dies away.

I cannot wake soft, thrilling notes,
That stir within the soul;
Those deep emotions none may speak,
Those thoughts without control.
And yet such ardent longings come,
Such that I may not still,
To snatch the harp from gifted ones,
And strike it at my will!

I'd bear the treasure far away
To some bright, sunny home,
Where thoughtless souls might never stray,
The cold might never come,
To breathe upon its gentle strings
With icy, chilling breath,
Perchance to wake one mournful note,
Then hush its strains in death!

And first its song should breathe of love,
Not such as mortals know,
But holy, deep, and passionate,
Its strain should thrill the soul!
No chilling discord then should come,
Ruffling its melody,—
Ah, no! for softly, lovingly,
Its notes should die away.

And as upon the murmuring breeze
The echo softly fell,
There should not fall upon the ear
The whisper, "Fare thee well!"
For changeless, and immortal too,
Should be this holy strain,
Ne'er lingering, save to sweep its chords
With gentler touch again!

Oh, were this harp of Poesy,
This glorious gift, my own,
No longer like a prisoned bird
Would this frail spirit roam;

But burst the bars that bind it here,
And seek its native sky,
Onward, still upward, in its flight,
Ne'er looking back to die!
For but one gaze again on earth,
One touch of her cold breath,
Would scatter far its melody,
And chill its notes in death.

MAY 1, 1858.

"No 'Our Father' There."

The following lines were suggested by a little girl's objecting to a return home "Because there was no 'OUR FATHER' there."

A HOME with no "Our Father" there!
That little infant voice,
Ne'er taught to lisp His name in prayer,
Nor in His love rejoice!
Ne'er taught to rest confidingly
'Neath His Almighty arm,
Who, thro' our helpless infancy,
Alone may shield from harm!

A home with no "Our Father" there!
No loving hand to guide,
No shelter 'neath his tender care,
No resting-place to abide!

When storms arise so fearfully,
And cheerless is our night,
No Father then to break the gloom,
With His "Let there be light!"

A home with no "Our Father" there!
Ofttimes the weary heart
Seems breaking 'neath the weight of care
That forms of life a part.
No Father then to point above
To an eternal rest,
A peaceful home prepared for those
His tender love hath blest!

A home with no "Our Father" there!
'Neath sorrow's fearful sway,
When cold seems earthly sympathy,
And desolate our way,
No Friend to bid the shadows flee,
At His Almighty will,
And whisper to the troubled soul,
His loving "Peace, be still!"

A home with no "Our Father" there!
When Death, with ruthless hand,
Has snatched away a cherished flower
From our beloved band,
No Father then, to cheer the heart
With His own promise given—
"The blossom nipped so early here
Shall bloom again in heaven!"

"Our Father," hear our earnest prayer:
Where'er our dwelling-place,
Whate'er the home thy love has given,
There may we see thy face!
There may thy presence cheer our hearts,
Oh, there our shelter be,
That, when the storms of life are past,
Our home may be with thee!

NOVEMBER, 1858.

"Why Weepest Thou?"

WHY weepest thou? How gently falls
Our Saviour's voice on Mary's ear!
Sadly she turns her streaming eyes,
And joys to see her Master near.

Why weepest thou? Is life to thee
A dark and dreary wilderness?
Look upward! listen to His voice,
Telling thee of thy heavenly rest.

Have friends or kindred turned away,
Nor sought thy burdened soul to cheer?
Tho' sweet might be their sympathy,
Jesus, thy Elder Brother, 's near!

Oh, listen to his loving voice—
'Twill chase each heavy grief away,
And, sheltered 'neath his tender care,
Thy darkest night shall change to day!

He'll free thee from the tempter's chain,
And bind him captive to his will;
To passion's waves of stormy power
Will gently whisper, "Peace, be still!"

Oh, weep not then, ye mourning ones,
Think of your Saviour's promise given;
Soon will you hear his voice declare,
"Your trials o'er, your home's in heaven!"

JANUARY 31, 1859.

"There Remaineth a Rest."

BLEST Sabbath eve, we hail thy sacred calm!
A gift from Heaven thou art, to cheer our hearts
When wearied with the cares and toils of life.
A gentle stillness reigns, and every breeze
Seems laden with the very breath of Heaven!
We bend our weary ears, and catch the strain
That steals so gently o'er our wearied souls,
Whisp'ring of peace, and joy, and rest above!

How sweet the melody, "There's rest in Heaven!"
The voice of many harpers, harping with their harps,
Is borne to earth. Our spirits rise to catch
The glorious strain—the chords at first so low,
But rising loud and louder, till it seems
Our fettered souls must burst their bonds of clay,
And join the ransomed in their song of praise
To Him, the Lamb of Calvary, whose blood
Hath purchased for us this eternal rest!

"There's rest in Heaven!"
A rest from life's conflicting doubts and fears,
A rest from sin, from Satan's heavy chain,
Whose fetters chafe and bind our spirits here.
The victory shall be ours, through Him who died;
And in the glorious song of the redeemed,
No chord of earthly strife or sin shall blend
To mar its melody!

"There's rest in Heaven!"
What weary longings seize our prisoned souls,
Longings for knowledge ever unattained!
Hast never seen the tiny woodland bird,
Whose song rung sweetest in the summer air,
Flutter and chafe its little wings against
The gilded bars that hold it prisoner?
'Tis rest it seeks—the rest that freedom gives.
And thus our spirits, bound in fetters here,
Can never learn to sing their native strain
Until this chain is broken; then the bliss

Of finding every longing satisfied.
Freed from this mortal coil, our ransomed souls
Shall swiftly roam through realms of untold space
To do their Master's bidding—ever learning,
Yet never wearying in their search for more.

"There's rest in Heaven!"
A rest for loving hearts. However sweet
The song of earthly love we hear below,
One mournful note will mingle in the strain.
That note of discord tells it cannot be
A harp of heavenly melody. And when
Our trembling fingers first would learn to sweep
Its strings, we find them broken, and our touch
Re-echoes back a thrilling note, whose wail
Bids us ne'er twine our hearts round things below,
But give them all to Heaven.

Yes, we may love—
May fling our hearts, so cold and lifeless now,
At our Redeemer's feet. May strike our harps,
Now tuned anew, in one continual strain
Of heavenly music, whose sweet song shall be,
"Worthy the Lamb!"

JANUARY 14, 1859.

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Farewell Lines to the Circle.*

PALE Autumn with its mellow light had come,
And decked our earth in garb of crimson hue,
Ere first our Circle met. A little band
Of friends, whose blended sympathies might lend
A charm, perchance, to hours of loneliness.
Days, weeks, and months have glided by; since then
Winter has thrown his icy drapery
O'er Nature's countless gems: the flow'rets fair
Have closed their tiny petals, lest his gaze
Should blight their beauty, or their charms deface.
Spring's joyous call once more has roused them from
Their snowy bed: the tiny violet
Has waked to life beneath her magic touch;—
And now o'er all the earth Summer has thrown
Her gorgeous robe of light and loveliness;
And, gently wafted over hill and dale,
Steals the rich perfume of a thousand flowers
To cheer our hearts!
And still from week to week
We've met. A magic circle ours, where heart
Meets heart in friendship's sacred tie. Beauty
Has lent her charms, and youth and grace have vied
With wit and humor to delight and please.

* A Literary Circle which met once a week.

As in the forest groves our eyes are charmed
With leaves of varied forms and hues, so here
Is sweetly blended, in one matchless wreath,
Variety of mind and heart.
And first
Appears our honored chairman, he, whose mind
Ambitious, ever seeks a lofty mark.
Another, in whose flashing eyes we see
The fires of genius burn; and by his side
Is one whose every act and word bespeak
A soul of purity and truth. And though
The sunny South has claimed one of our band,
Another comes to take his place, rich with
The kindly feeling of his own bright clime;
Altho' afar off now from his loved home,
We'll ne'er forget him upon whom Nature
Has richly lavished gifts of finest mould.
A group of fairer form now meets our eye,
And tho' the sweetest songster of our band
Has found another home, others remain
To gladden with their joyous smiles and tones.
Dignity, grace, and guilelessness dwell in
The sisters three. With loving glance and tone
Fair Emma next appears; and by her side
Is one whose mind lights up her beaming eye.
Another loved and cherished one, whose smile
Its influence shed on every heart, roams o'er
The distant West. Then, too, we miss the soft
And silvery notes of Mollie's sweet guitar.
They're *not* all here!

And now the hour has come
When "Farewell" must be whispered ere we part,
To join awhile the loved in distant homes.
Oh, when the Summer's o'er, and Autumn gilds
The earth with glowing beauty, may we meet
In one unbroken circle—not a flower
Be missing from "Our Magic Wreath of Love!"

JUNE 22, 1857.

"Behold, He Prayeth!"

ACTS, ix. 11.

Written by her eldest brother, who died at nearly the same age.

DAY had closed o'er Damascus. 'Twas the hour
When to the wearied ear the noisy hum
Of many a busy throng came fadingly,
E'en as a dying echo; and the thought
Of peaceful rest seemed brooding o'er the heart
Of each lone traveler, as he sought his home.
The summer sun had found a vapory couch
To slumber, ere his course began again;
Piled in deep masses round the fading rays,
Cloud upon cloud reared high their towering heads,
Through which the languid orb but faintly shed
Its golden lustre. But in one small spot
The struggling beam burst forth, and darkly threw

Its flickering light upon the noiseless city.
There came strange meaning in that ling'ring ray
To many a heart, which in the sunset hour
Sought Nature's unheard music. To those hearts
It seemed a holy messenger of hope,
Seeking to spread on earth a gladsome tale
Of new-born joy within its heavenly home.

Upon a couch of restlessness and pain,
Within a darkened chamber, lay a form
Of noble manhood. But upon those limbs
A blight seemed fallen; for in misery now
He tossed them to and fro, while from his lips
Tones, ever and anon, of agony
Forced their long pent-up tale. He wildly raved
Of many a darksome deed of murder done,
Which Passion's voice had urged, as, phantom-like,
Through the dimmed chambers of the soul the glare
Of Superstition's lamp, with flickering ray,
Led on the wanderer Conscience;—and as now
A gleam of truth had shone, how fearfully
The writhing form, the groan of agony,
The trusting prayer, the cold, pale face of death,
Came back upon his heart, like serried hosts
Gathered to crush him!—Now the upturned brow,
The tearful, dimming eye, which, raised to Heaven,
Saw the White Throne, and Him who sat thereon
Beamed clear upon him; and the trembling voice,
That sweetly sought forgiveness for the foe,
Thrilled wildly thro' his breast. * * *

* * * * There was a change.
How sweetly steal the thoughts of memories loved,
Upon the soul, when, in some darkened hour,
Enchained by Melancholy's syren voice, it sinks
In deep despair; and though that very light
May but the darkness blacken, still there moves
Within its ray some spectral form of hope!
So in *his* heart there seemed some new-born joy;
For on each clouded feature floated now
A placid smile—bright harbinger of peace.
And lo, he prayeth! Hath some angel-voice
Breathed on his soul the martyr's dying words,
And with them given the hope that e'en *his* prayer
Should entrance find within that dread abode
Where dwelleth He whose love no sense hath known;
That realm which man's illimitable search
Ne'er found, in dreamiest hour of Fancy's sway?
And who shall say but from that holy place
Some power, descending, consolation brought,
And succor gave; which, through a toilsome life,
Was peace and joy, which oft, in perils wild,
In dark temptation's spirit-sickening hour,
Was grace sufficient? And, as oft he stood,
Confronting senates, charging thrones with crime,
And sages with their folly, who alone
But Him, who crowned the trying hour with peace,
Could thus, in mortal weakness, perfect strength?